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THE POLICE VERSION OF IT.

"Let no guilty man (or woman) escape --- widout dey put up de stuff!"

PUCK

THE INTELLIGENT VOTER.



HIS GREAT responsibility would keep him up o' nights,
And when he went to bed he lay and pondered "woman's rights;
Drank deeply at the Sunset Club of essays on reform,
Heard labor orators exhort of "the impending storm;"
He elbowed with the socialists and studied up their scheme,
Read Bellamy's "Grand Army" plan in his ingenious dream;
Professor Bryce's "Commonwealth" and Coxey's
"Commonweal"
Were added to the common stock in his uncommon zeal;
In Populistic politics he scrutinized each plank,
He knew so much of Henry George, he spoke of him as
"Hank;"
He gleaned the economic field from Ely back to Smith,
From pamphlets on the currency he excavated pith;
The tariff he declaimed so much it cost him many a friend,
Yet he was sure the cruel means were sanctioned by the end.
And when he came to vote, said he: "I know what I'm about!"
But he got his little criss-cross wrong, and they threw his ballot out.

L. B. Freeman.

CONSUMMATE ABILITY.

DETECTIVE SLEUTH. — I tell you there ain't many people that kin fool me. If a feller's done anything and I get on his track it's all up with him.

DETECTIVE SNEAKLY (*specially, divorce cases*). — Pshaw! what's that to blow about? Look at the number of people I've detected that never done nothin'!

HIS SUSPICIONS WERE CONFIRMED.

A.— I've forgotten more than you ever knew.

B.— I thought you'd met with some such misfortune as that.



EASILY ENOUGH.

SYMPATHETIC OLD LADY. — My poor man, I wish I could assist you in getting rid of this horrible thirst for rum.

PARCHED PETERS. — You can, lady. You can. Ten cents for two beers would go a long way toward it.

FOR "CARTOONS AND COMMENTS," SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

A HINT.

Here's a point for you, ye strikers,
Put your minds on it a bit:
*If you would n't strike so often
You might oftener make a hit.*



COMING TO IT.

CELESTIAL (*as he sees bicyclist with sweater on*). — Melican man comee round to Chinee style. Wearee shirt allee same outside, like Chinaman.

THE WAY OF KITH AND KIN.

WOOD. — Gottrox has been a phenomenally successful man. They say he has n't forgotten his poor relations, either; but sends large sums to them every month.

STONE. — Yes; that's all right enough; but they can never forgive him.

"AR-RL OVER!"

CONTRACTOR (*angrily*). — Here, Finnegan, how often have I told you to be careful blasting here between these houses? Now look at the damage!

FINNEGAN, THE FOREMAN (*meekly*). — Well, sor, Pasqual, the Italian contructor, is excavatin' on the nixt street, an' I could n't let him make more noise nor trow more dirt, fer the honor of Ireland an' me thot was t'ree years a Fenian.

DRAWBACKS.

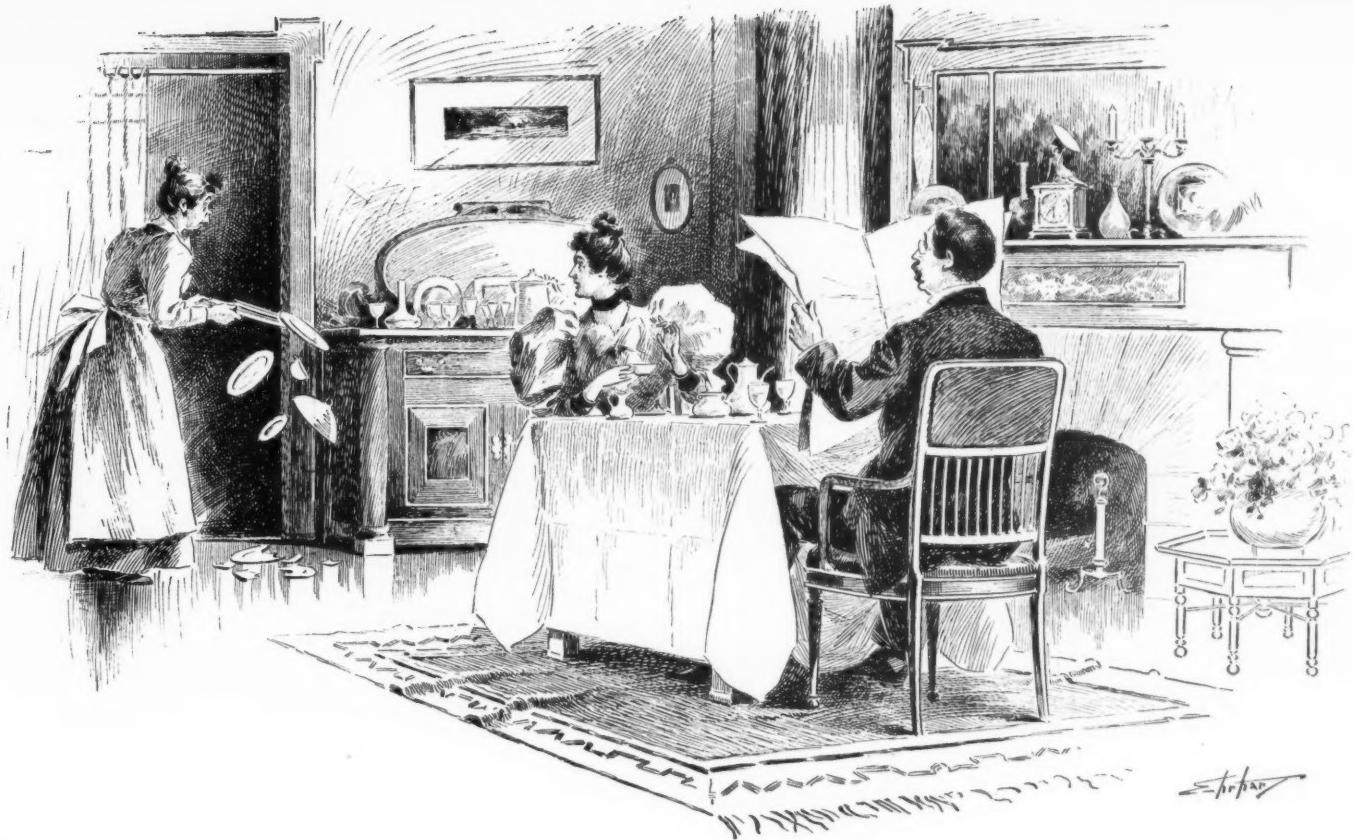
WOOL. — How does your family like living at Hobokenhurst?

VAN PELT. — All right; except for the malaria and solitude; nobody calls except the doctor, and we have to pay him double price.

MRS. BARNES. — Kangaroos must be the most human bein's of any of the dumb brutes.

BARNES. — Why, what makes you think so, 'Mandy?

MRS. BARNES. — 'Cause I saw some kangaroo shoes down t' the village t'-day, an' they was jest like what everybody wears.



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A GOOD THING TO HAVE ABOUT THE HOUSE.

MR. SAVERY (*reading*). — The modern gunboats have plates on them eighteen inches thick.
MRS. SAVERY. — Goodness, Henry! Buy some for us right away!

A WARNING FROM THE PAST.

"ND DID you have a love-affair once, Auntie?"
The pale face of the spinster aunt flushed, her eyes filled with tears. "Yes, dear," she answered; "I loved a noble, handsome young man, and he loved me; but we were parted by a cruel falsehood."

The young girl bent forward, listening eagerly.

"Yes," resumed the old maiden aunt in a tremulous voice; "we were parted by a cruel lie. A false friend, a girl who wished him for herself, basely told him I was studying elocution."

That night a maiden's golden tresses were put up in curl papers torn from the leaves of a volume entitled, "Twenty Standard Recitations." A young girl nowadays does not need to have a house fall on her.

DURING THE CAMPAIGN.

CLERGYMAN. — Do you take this woman to be your wife?
POLITICIAN (*absently*). — I authorize the use of my name.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

TIRED TOLLIVER. — Better look out about goin' in dere, Fray!
You might get in trouble; dat's a young ladies' seminary!

FRAYED FAGIN (*jauntily*). — Dat's all right, old feller! I kin take care of meself,— an', besides, dis ain't leap year!

THE FIEND NEXT DOOR.

Each morning, evening and noon,
He's played for many moons;
And though he's always out of tune,
He's never out of tunes.

J. J. O'C.

GETTING ON.

CORA. — I hear your friend, the artist, is making some headway?

MERRITT. — Yes; this month he gave up cooking his breakfast in his studio, and by the Fall he hopes to be able to hire a room to sleep in.

EASY FOR HIM.

SUPERINTENDENT. — Do you think you could fill the position of time-keeper in our boiler factory? The noise is very trying for one not used to it.

APPLICANT (*contemptuously*). — Humph! I used to be the janitor of a public school.

DIVORCE IS the scissors that clip the wings of love.

THE PARTS of a railroad sandwich,

Whatever may appear
Regarding the ensemble,
Are very near and dear.



ALL IN THE FAMILY.

"Holdt on! — holdt on! — my name is Meyer; but I am not der Meyer vot sold you a brass vatch — I do not sell vatches — I nefer saw you before in my life!"

"Begob, ye'll do just as well! — Oi moight spend a year lookin' for the right wan av yeez, an' niver find him!"

THE SPORTING SCHEME.



HE TRAIN had been flagged at a little station in New Jersey, and I looked out the window to see if any passengers were likely to come aboard, for I was getting lonely in the great empty smoking-car. It was a gloomy day, too dark to read with comfort, and a fine, drizzling rain was beginning to fall.

The sight of the company on the platform at once awakened my interest. They had just crossed over from a little real estate office which stood across the way from the station, and they formed a curious and striking collection of individuals. One was a sour, saturnine, middle-aged man, who carried a dinner pail. He was shaking his head obstinately in negative answer to what were evidently persistent pleadings on the part of another man, a small, spry person, cheaply clothed, who looked as if he might be a sewing-machine agent or the "advance" of a circus. The other six men were startlingly different in appearance from the other two talkers. They were all large, burly men, with rosy cheeks, close-cropped hair, a well-groomed appearance generally, and clothes that were at once expensive, English and loud. Two wore riding-breeches, one under a great white box-coat, the other with a covert-coat. Another was in the "pink" of an English fox-hunter; and the fourth wore a tweed suit with checkerboard stockings, baggy knee-breeches, and a cap. This man carried a golf stick. The other two men, although they belonged to the same general type, wore coachmen's liveries. Each of the six carried a heavy black rubber overcoat on his arm. The big men accompanied the two others in silence.

My window was open, and I could hear the conversation as I approached.

"You won't do it, then?" the little man was saying; "not even if I



find the horses? Well, all right; just as you say; but I tell you, man, you are losing the chance of your life!"

The man with the tin pail shook his head and went away, and the little man suddenly turned upon his companions full of the rage of disappointment.

"Climb on there, you tarriers!" he said, addressing the elegant group with every manifestation of disrespect. "It's your fool mugs that hoodoo the business. Get aboard, you damn micks! You ain't worth your feed!"

And he drove them before him into the smoking-car.

"Get up there, you potato-peelers!" he said. "Get up to the further end of the car. I won't sit with you. I am sick of you. And put on your coats, you yahoos. I don't care if the car is hot; I ain't going to let you spoil those clothes."

He had sunk down into a seat across the aisle before he perceived me and caught my wondering eye. At once he crossed over.

"Sounds kinder queer, does n't it?" he said. "Well, just be so good as not to give it away, and I'll explain!"

He produced a business card and handed it to me. It read:

I. LEGGET,

SPORT BOOMER,

Refers to every Real Estate Dealer in New Jersey.

"Don't catch on?" he inquired. "Well, it's a pretty original scheme of my own. It did n't work at that place, and I was a fool to bother with a real estate agent who would carry his dinner in a can. But, you see, that's a religious community. All towns in New Jersey may be divided into two classes — religious and sporting. Now, my business is booming sport towns. Want to see how I do it? Well, you wait until I get two stations further on, where I drop this gang to relieve another one. It's a junction, that station is, and we'll be just in time for a train from New

York on the other branch. You'll see my boys work a train, and you'll see how my scheme can build up a community. Here, I've got to give them their orders!"

Going up to the other end of the car, he talked earnestly for a long time to the six big men, who listened with awe on their faces. I caught his closing words.

"Now, behave yourselves for once, you chumps, and show the gentleman how the trick's done, and you shall have a can of beer when you get paid off."

"Yis, sorr," said the man in the covert coat; "we will, sorr; thank you kindly, sorr."

The little man came back to me just as the second station hove in sight. This was a very different place from the desolate domain of the agent with the tin can. Through the trees in every direction I could see the light wood of unfinished houses.

New paint shone on a score of commodious villas. There was also a real estate office near the station, but it was a neat and attractive structure, and a portly, well-fed gentleman stood in the doorway.

"Drill, ye tarriers!" shouted the little man to the big ones. "Hustle over to the other platform. There's Mickey's gang over there. Tell Mickey to drill them with you till the New York train is gone. They'll have plenty of time left to get aboard here."

As the men hurried across the platform they were met by another group similar in appearance, several of whom led horses. One had a horse of some blood drawing a dog-cart. One of the footmen immediately took his station at the head of this animal, while the other received from the agent a dressing-suit-case and a leather gun-case, which he held, one in each hand, standing erectly in the station door. Four of the magnificent gentlemen then mounted the horses, with considerable difficulty — in fact, they had to be boosted up by their companions. The others assumed much easier attitudes upon their own feet. One or two lit cigars. The man in the checkerboard stockings smoked a brierwood pipe. The agent distributed hunting-crops among them, and a small boy came out with a case of gleeks and teeing irons and putters, and the rest of them, and stood behind the checkerboards exactly like a Scotch or English caddie. All maintained absolute silence.

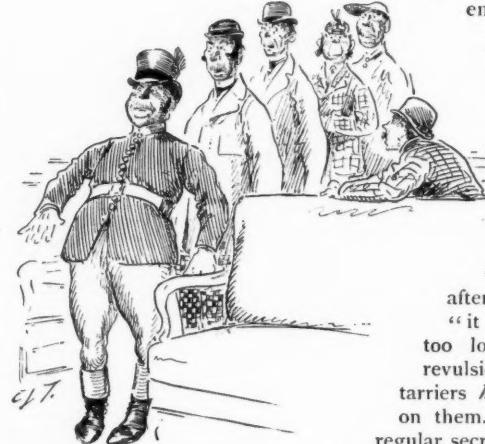
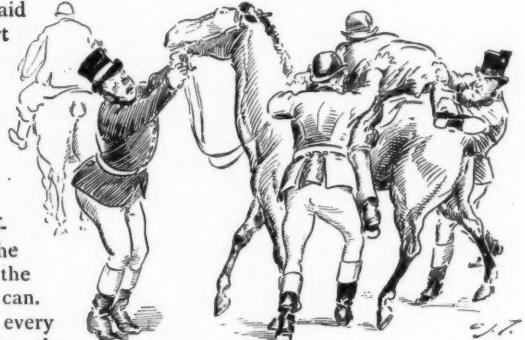
It was on this ravishing spectacle of sport and fashion that the New York train drew up. Out came a group of seekers of suburban homes. They were probably mostly city people; but when they saw that display of sporting style they stared about them like a lot of hayseeds on Broadway. Before we started I saw the whole group safely herded into the real-estate office. Then the little man brought his second shift of men back into the car.

"There;" said he, "that catches them every time. There were n't ten houses in that town six months ago. I did it — every bit of it."

"But don't they discover the imposition after a while?" I inquired. "Surely your new settlers must some time find out that these decoy-ducks of yours don't live in the town."

"There is no imposition, my dear sir!" rejoined the little man, warmly. "The people who are attracted by that sort of thing are every bit as bad fake-sports as my bog-trotters here. These poor fellows of mine are honest laboring men out of employment. They do this thing for their board and lodging — you see I feed them well — and they're a good deal better men than most of the dudes who think they can't live without white box-coats and balloon riding-breeches."

"Of course," he resumed, after a moment of reflection, "it don't do to work a town too long. There have been revulsions of feeling, and my tarriers have had the hose played on them. But, you see, it's the regular secret society business. The people who are caught want to catch others. I've known them to go out in their own sport clothes and drill with my boys when the express trains came in. Oh, man, you don't understand the real estate business!"





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MUTUALLY TIMELY.

SHIPWRECKED SAILOR.—Dash my topsels!—here I've had the good luck to git ashore, only to be cruelly murdered by that there savage yonder,—it's all up with poor Bill Hawser!

Mr. Legget sank into a great reverie on the greatness of his scheme, from which he awoke with a sudden start.

"Here," said he, "I'm forgetting myself. I've got to inspect these men before I get to Jersey City. I have got to have them out on two more of these infernal criss-cross New Jersey railroads before dark. Here, you flannel-mouths, stand up in the aisle and be inspected. Larry Dooley, you wear your pants too hard. If you ain't more careful of them I'll lay you off for a week. Maloney, your red flannel shirt is showing over your shirt-collar. Corrigan, I saw you at the station without gloves. I've a mind to stop your supper for that. Do you think those red mud-scoops of yours look like Tuxedo or the Meadowbrook Hunt? McCarty, if you strike any more matches on yourself you'll hear from me. Owney Muldoon, my friend, the next time you hold on to a horse's ears to keep yourself steady, you'll get the sack. Now, hustle over to the Greenwood Lake Branch, every mother's son of you, and take the tobacco out of your mouths before you get into the train."

"Say," said Mr. Legget to me, turning back after we had parted; "you don't know any ladylike young women in reduced circumstances, do you, who'd do the tailor-made girl for me? I'd pay them well, and they'd beat the Micks out of sight."

I said "No," and he chased his four sporting swells and their footmen into another smoking-car.

HIS OWN AFFAIR.

FILKINS.—Strange that Himan, who runs a matrimonial agency, the very man who should know better, has made himself liable to prosecution for bigamy.

WILKINS.—So I told him; but his answer was, "business is business."

A TIP FOR TURFITES.

When to the races you repair
Be not surprised a bit,
If the horse you put your money on
Should run away with it!



THE SAVAGE.—Oh, I'm so glad to meet you!—come right along with me. We're having a church fair, and I need just one more vote to make me the most popular girl on the island!

WON'T DO TO COUNT NOSES.

LABOR LEADER.—Yis, sor; the paiple hav been ground under the iron heel av a few capitalists long enough, and soon the paiple will roise in their moight and shtop ivery wheel av industry till the paiple git their roights.

ORDINARY CITIZEN.—Why stop the wheels of industry? If the people have wrongs to redress, why don't they rise in their might on election day and elect their own men?

LABOR LEADER.—Be gorry, there's not enough av us!

FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.

IT WAS at a bazar, in Charity's cause,

That Dorothy, fair amateur,
Danced the cachucha mid deaf ning applause—

The proceeds all went to the poor.

Yes, Dorothy danced as a sweet Spanish girl;
You'd wonder that one so demure
Could throw such abandon in every whirl;
But, then, it was done for the poor.

Some prudish folks, shocked, would have beat a retreat;
How silly of them, to be sure!
For never a dancer had ankles so neat—
Besides, it was done for the poor!

R. L. M.

A SURE INDICATION.
"Business is business."
"Whom have you cheated?"



THE PROPOSITION REJECTED.

CHARLEY.—So Miss Stone told you she could only be a sister to you? What did you say?

TOM.—Well, as I have two sisters, as it is, I told her that it could never be. I had n't shirts, neckties and scarfpins enough to go round.



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EXTRA PROFIT.

FARMER KOLB.—The old woman kicked about them Summer boarders leavin' their old straw hats about to litter up the house; but it's an ill-wind that blows no good. I'll save a couple of dollars in fodder by the operation.

MARBLE HEART, THE BOY EDITOR.

(A Story of Contemporaneous Literature.)

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE INTERVIEW WITH PEN-AND-INK PETE.

HE BOY EDITOR took in his strange visitor at a glance.

"You are Pen-and-Ink Pete?" he said.
"I am."
"You are a writer?"
"Yes."
"Detective stories?"
"Always."
"I remember you."
"Yes; I am well known."
"You wrote 'Dexter Digit Dan, the Deaf-Mute Detective?'"
"I did."
"We should like you to write for us."
"To write for you?"
"Yes."
"You want detective stories?"
"We do."
"Remember, my rates are high."
"Your rates are high?"
"Yes."
"Name them."
"Ten cents a linear foot."
"Impossible!"
"Why impossible?"
"No paper pays that rate."
"Ha!"
"Yes."
"What do they pay?"
"That rate by the yard!"

In an instant Pen-and-Ink Pete realized that his bluff had failed. It was but the work of a moment to change his make-up.

Instead of a Highly Successful Writer of Popular Fiction, a needy author stood before the Boy Editor.

"I accept those rates, then," he said humbly.

The Boy Editor touched a button. "Send us seven yards as first installment at once," he said, as the office-boy entered with the proof-sheets of the following week's feature, "Cora, the Cash Girl; or, the Belle of the Bargain Bazaar," by the eminent authoress, Miss Lollah Lean Jibby.

"That's the way to call down these literary mugs," muttered Marble Heart, as the baffled space sharp slunk out into the night.

VISITOR.—These are undergraduates, eh? I suppose many of them will yet become professors.

PRESIDENT.—Yes, — if they study hard for a few years longer and get to know a little less.

MRS. SMYTHE.—Prof. Walker explained that polyandry simply means that in some countries when a woman marries a man she really marries his whole family.

SMYTHE.—How different from America! Here it is the man who is the victim!

"THOU HAST cured my heart of aching, dear," Said she;
"I'm a doctor of divinity," Quoth he.



A COMPASSIONATE HEART.

KIND-HEARTED CASEY (as CHOLLEY goes by with his coursier).—Sure, the Jerry Society wot prevents cruelty to animiles should be afther a mon that shtarves a dog loike that!

IRONY OF FATE.

HARD-UP (a reporter unattached).—Hello, old man! I hear you've been fired from *The Morning Whoop*.

WELL-OFF (who lives on his ancestral fortune and is in the newspaper business for fun).—Yes; I was one of the last batch of men whom the Colonel let go. I subsequently got an assignment, though, to travel a week with the Coxey Army as a tramp.

HARD-UP.—That's good! I'm playing in a little luck, myself. I've just sold a two-column article to the Sunday editor of *The Hypnotizer*, on "How to Drive a Tandem and a Four-in-hand."

ON AND OFF.

He's quite a dasher on parade:

So say the girls; but when His uniform is off, he's but A haberdasher then.

THE DANGER AHEAD.

THE PHEASANT.—The woods are full of city sportsmen; a great many of us will lose our lives this Fall.

THE SQUIRREL.—Yes; they are so careless with their camp-fires; and everything is as dry as a bone.



SAVING HIM TROUBLE.

HUSBAND (leaving for fishing trip).—Well, good-by, dear!
WIFE.—Good-by, Henry. Take good care of yourself. By the way, you needn't stop at the fish market on your way home. I'll go down some time during the day and order myself.

A MATEUR.—I have had some few successes, and I think of adopting the stage as a profession.

MANAGER.—Well, we need a few more scene-shifters. Why not adopt it as a job?

BAS BLEU — The Shorn Lamb.



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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Most of the articles and illustrations in PUCK are copyrighted in the United States and Great Britain. All persons are cautioned against using any of them without permission.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

RESPECTABLE, BUT MACHINE-MADE. THE HON. LEVI P. MORTON has always been a valuable piece of property to the Republican party. His eminent respectability, and his large and well-filled "bar'l" have stood his political friends in good stead on various occasions, and it must be admitted that he has been fairly and justly rewarded. His usefulness and availability have been generally recognized; and he, on his part, has always done just what his party expected of him. The golden contents of his "bar'l" have not always spouted out with reckless freedom; but the flow has always been sufficient to attain the ends desired. We say "ends," because sometimes it has been his party's end to elect Mr. Morton to office: and sometimes the end sought — in a quiet, unostentatious way, of course — has been the honest gentleman's defeat. And in success or in defeat, Mr. Morton has always given perfect satisfaction to his managers. Failure does not destroy his contented loyalty; success never tempts him into striking out for himself, or inspires him with dangerous ideas of independence. These things must be set down to his credit, in spite of the carping critics who say he has no choice in the matter.

In one respect Mr. Morton occupies an absolutely unique position. He is the only absolutely uncommitted candidate in the political business. Long as he has been in the field he stands absolutely uncommitted to any special policy, principle or prejudice. The world knows that he is a Republican, but that is all it knows of his political predilections. He is not any particular sort of Republican; and if the Republican Party should want to swap all its principles for a totally new set, nothing that Mr. Morton has ever said or done need interfere with his accepting the whole new outfit. This is something that we can say of no other statesman. There is no other that we know of among all the politicians, great and small, who has not, so to speak, his label. Every one of the rest stands committed to some theory, some special tendency or peculiar sympathy. Let us take, for instance, the men on both sides the political fence who have been mentioned as possible candidates for the Governorship of New York. We all know the Hon. J. Sloat Fassett as the German's friend and the shirt-sleeved statesman. Nobody has the slightest uncertainty as to the opinions or intentions of the Hon. R. P. Flower, whether he is backing up Judge Maynard or the State Militia. Mr. Saxton is known by his bills. Even Senator Hill, who may be called the lightning change artist of politics, has managed to impress his many kinds of Democracy so firmly upon the memory of the people that he has to invent something new every time he wants to make a change; although the private and particular label which he has placed upon himself, "I Am a Democrat," might well be changed to read, "I Am All Kinds of a Democrat."

But who in the wide, wide world knows what the Hon. Levi P. Morton thinks — for himself — about civil service reform, tariff reform, ballot reform, women's rights, home rule for cities, or any other conceivable topic of political discussion. So far as anybody knows the workings of that silent and well-known mind, Mr. Morton might be for or against any one of the whole lot. If his party were to put into one and the same platform a plank declaring that all Republicans should be vegetarians, and another affirming the unwavering devotion of the Republican party to butcher's meat, the Hon. Levi P. Morton could put one foot on one plank, and the other foot on the other, and defy anybody on the earth to deny that he had been standing there since infancy. That is Mr. Morton's unique distinction, and we think it is a remarkable one. He may be called "The Window-Pane Candidate," for, next to thin air, he offers the least possible obstruction to the free exhibition of whatever is behind him.

What is behind him in the present instance is what is popularly known as the Platt Machine. It is the most compact, simple and businesslike of all political agencies. Alongside of it Tammany Hall is a complex and cumbersome organization; for Tammany Hall may often be practically but one man, but it is not the same man all the time. Tweed goes and Kelly comes;

Croker gives place to Gilroy; and even these great chiefs are but the creations of a vast band of sachems and wiskinkies and whatnots. But the whole Platt Machine is carried around in the clothes of the Hon. Thos. Collier Platt. One hat shelters the intellect that guides its movement; and the hat may change with the fashion of the year; but year in and year out the same man is under the hat, in the crown of which are hidden the initials: T. C. P. This is the agency that is behind the Hon. Levi P. Morton in his candidacy for the Governorship for the State of New York. Just what it is behind him for, time alone can tell. It may be with the sincere intention of placing that clear, transparent window-pane in front of the Platt mechanism for the next gubernatorial term. It may be to effect certain complicated and mysterious political deals which will put some of Mr. Platt's henchmen in pleasant political places, and give the Hon. Levi P. Morton leisure and opportunity for a trip to Europe.

The choice of the Democratic convention may have something to do with this; but the heart of the mystery is enshrouded in the dark and cloudy purpose of the Hon. T. C. Platt; and the shade of his hat-brim must rest over it for the present. And of the candidate that Mr. Platt has selected to represent the Republican Party it can only be said that he is as perfectly and thoroughly capable of representing Mr. Platt's republicanism as he has been in the past representing various other kinds; and that, in the words of the immortal Hosea Bigelow, he is

"Jest a candidate, in short."

AN UNWELCOME INTRUDER.

FIRST BURGLAR.—Sh! There's a cop on the other side of the street!

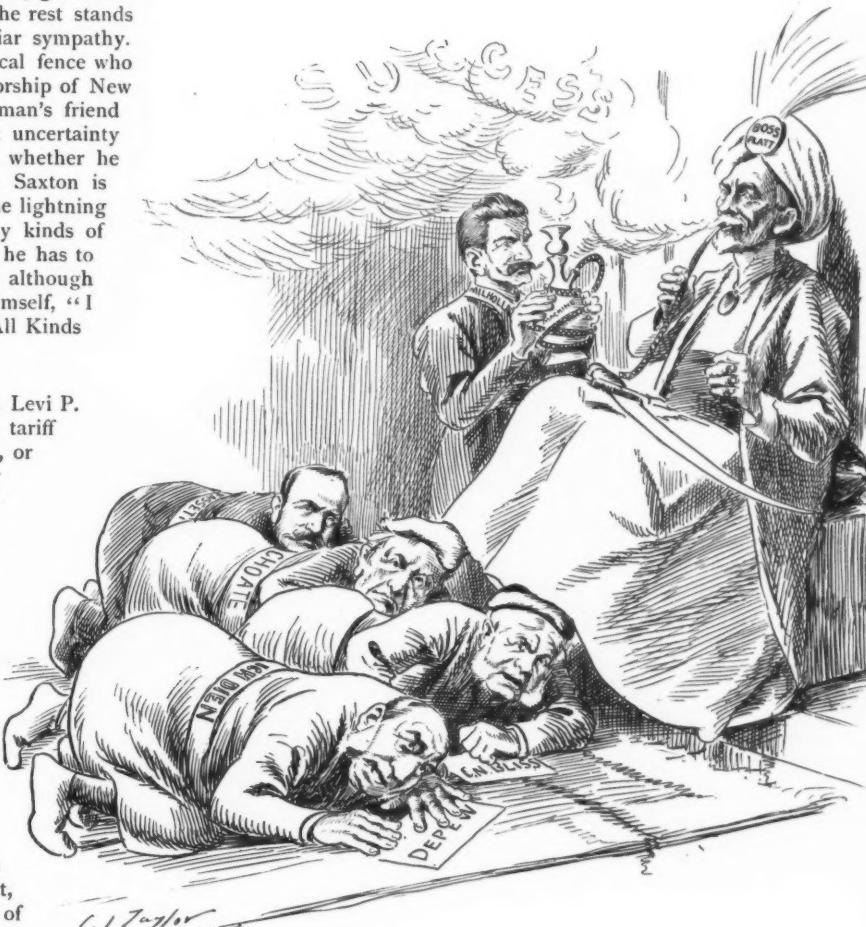
SECOND BURGLAR.—Lay low, then! There ain't enough in this job to divide.

IN A NUTSHELL.

"About Morton —"

"Oh, yes! I asked Platt if he might, and Tom said he could, and so he's going to."

THE BIG gun knew much better,
But the voice of wisdom stifled;
He ventured into politics
And got his barrel rifled.



THE GRAND MOGUL OF NEW YORK.

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P U C K.



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PUCK'S SUGGESTION FOR THE GER
HIS ACTIONS ARE PRAISEWORTHY, BUT HIS SPEECHES AT BANQUETS INDICATE HIS GREAT



THE GERMAN KAISER'S BENEFIT.

BY HIS GREAT NEED OF A STRICT ADHERENCE TO COLD WATER WHEN HE DINES OUT.

J. Ottman Lith Co. PUCK BUILDING NY

ON THE BACK OF A PHOTO.



EAR MAY:

Upon the other side's
A picture of my face,
And I shall here — if rhymes permit —
Another picture trace.

In these dull words I wish to make
A likeness true appear
Of what is in my throbbing heart: —
"I love you, love you, dear!"

JACK.



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MORE THAN LIKELY.

MISS ELDERS.—I had an awful experience last Winter. A burglar got into my room, and threatened to kiss me if I screamed.
MISS INNIT.—Did help come when your screams were heard?

REMAINS IN DOUBT.

QUIET MAN (*presenting check*).—Please cash this for me!
COURTEOUS CASHIER (*shortly*).—You'll have to be identified.
Step lively!
QUIET MAN (*bewildered*).—But I don't know any one here.
I'm from Philadelphia. Where shall I go to be identified?
COURTEOUS CASHIER (*scornfully*).—The morgue's in Twenty-sixth Street.

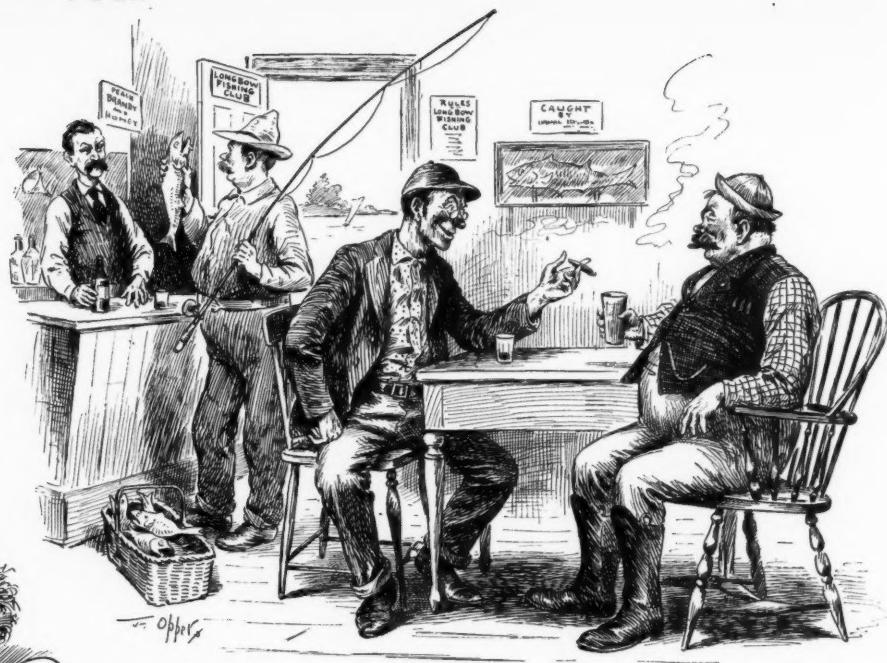
THE ONLY WAY.

HE.—What do you think is the way to win a woman?
SHE.—Hers.

THE TALL young man with sad eyes repeated his observation at the request of the perfect creature with pink cheeks.
"I was remarking," he said, "that the effort of philanthropy to eradicate misery will be forever ineffectual."
The creature acquiesced.
"Yes," she answered; "fancy slumming will always be quite the thing."

NECESSARY EVILS, to a great extent, are those we don't want to abolish.

A MAN SHOULD dare say his soul's his own; but some people act as if they were getting theirs on the installment plan.



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A LITTLE TOO INCREDIBLE.

PARKER.—That was a remarkable fish story Brown told last night.

BARKER.—What was it?

PARKER.—Said he and a friend were fishing all day Sunday, and never drank a drop!

HUSTLING FOR THE WHEREWITHAL.

WADE.—Young Spendley is trying hard to raise the wind.

BUTCHER.—What for?

WADE.—Same old thing. Wants to blow himself.

THAT NIGHT the blithe young coryphe
Had for her turn to wait;
"My foot's asleep. It is n't used
To being up so late."



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NEW CUSTOMERS.

ITINERANT GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS DEALER.—Suspenders!
Gollar puttons, Negties!

OVER THE BRIDGE.



OVER THE BRIDGE, over the bridge,
A hundred thousand strong,
Over the bridge at sunset time
The weary toilers throng.
Their hapless fate is sad to relate,
Their faces wear a frown,
They're off for the slowest town in
the state,
They're off for Trolleytown.

Over the bridge, over the bridge,
Pity each luckless wight!
Over the bridge where lights are out
At ten o'clock at night,
Where life has fled, where all is dead,
And streets are drear and still,
Where ten P.M. finds all in bed,
Just over in Trolleyville.

Over the bridge, over the bridge,
Time will break their chains,
Over the bridge while life exists
The star of hope remains.
At sunrise, when these luckless men
Arise, they'll wear no frown,
For each one, then, may cross again
And come to Gotham town.

Earle H. Eaton.

A FAMILIAR VEGETABLE.

TIPPLETT.—I know a real good thing
at Sheepsmouth to-day.

BURNTCHILD.—My boy, that's the
worst kind of a chestnut—it's a horse
chestnut.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

WOOD.—Can you see any good in
any of those Bertha M. Mud trashy
stories they run in those so-called
"Family" story papers?

STONE.—Yes; a solemn assurance
goes with each that it will not be published
in book-form.

THE PONY of brandy is the driver that
gets 2:04 out of a man on the
down grade.



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A CONSERVATIVE.

MRS. POPELIGH.—Do you think it healthy to raise a baby
on the bottle, Henry?

MR. POPELIGH.—I think the old way is the best.

A FREEZE-OUT.

The beauteous girl on whom I dote
So much ice-cream has chosen
To put a-down her lily throat,
Her heart, alas! she's frozen!

John Ludlow.

"WHAT I TELL my wife, goes."
"Indeed?"

"Yes; she takes it to her mother
right away, and pretty soon it is every-
where."

A STIMULUS TO PIETY.

JENKINS.—Great stroke of luck for
Brownley. I knew him when he was a
poor theological student, and he has
just been selected as pastor of one of
the most fashionable churches in the
city.

MRS. JENKINS.—So I understand.
Rich congregation, is n't it?

JENKINS.—Rich? They hold special
monthly prayer meetings to pray for a
tight money market.

WILLY'S RUSE.

WILLY.—I heard Papa say that
sugar is very fattening, Mama.

MAMA.—That is true, Willy.

WILLY.—Then, Mama, won't you
give me a couple of lumps for the grey-
hound?

WE ARE making
such strides in
science, that, after
awhile, we shall have
cocoanuts containing
sterilized milk.

"IT IS strange!"
murmured the
dejected Prohibitionist;
"that when the
office seeks the man
it never seems to look
for him on our ticket."

"AH!" MUTTERED the skeleton in
the closet, as it listened to the
conversation at the breakfast table;
"going to move into a flat, eh? That—"
It was lost in painful thought.

"—means the coal-bin or the air-
shaft for yours truly."

MONEY TALKS; poverty also has a
way of telling.

THE STAGE in its effect is
Less baneful than it was;
The milliner, unrecked, is
The most potential cause.

SHORT SIXES.

Stories to be read while the Candle Burns.

By H. C. Bunner. Illustrated by C. J. Taylor and
others. Paper, 50c. Cloth, \$1.00.

These are treasures in literary art.

—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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A Story of Short Stories. By H. C. Bunner. Illustrated by C. J. Taylor. Paper, 50c. Cloth, \$1.00.
Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—N. P. & S. Bulletin.

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French Tales of M. de Maupassant re-told with a United States Twist. By H. C. Bunner. Illustrated by C. J. Taylor.

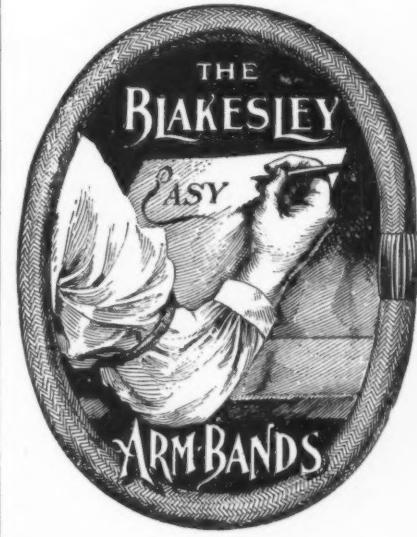
Paper, 50 cts. Cloth, \$1.00.

** Nine out of ten of his readers would find de Maupassant less amusing than Bunner.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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PURE FRENCH CLARET

grown on the estate of the
CHATEAU d'ARSAC, near Margaux,
FRANCE.

A High Grade Wine for Clubs and Families.

Guaranteed absolutely free from admixture or adulteration of any kind whatever.

For further particulars, address

A. KLIPSTEIN & CO.,
P. O. Box 2833, 122 Pearl St., New York.

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And STEREOPTICONS all prices. Views illustrating every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc. A profitable business for a man with a small capital. Also, Lanterns for Home Amusement. 265 page Catalogue free.

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Irritations

of the

SKIN and SCALP

Odors from Perspiration

Speedy Relief by Using

Packer's Tar Soap

"It Soothes while it Cleanses."

Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila.



REPAIRED.

OLD LADY.—Little boy, did you see anything of a snow-white cat?

LITTLE BOY.—Yes. She fell into a barrel of black paint down the street;

but I fixed her all right.

OLD LADY.—Oh, you good little boy! What did you do?

LITTLE BOY.—I threw her in a barrel of whitewash.

"BANCROFT seems all upset and nervous this morning; do you know what's wrong?"

"Yes; he caught the train without running for it." — *Inter Ocean.*

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149—155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells —

S O H M E R .



GENERAL ARTHUR CIGAR

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Manufacturers, NEW YORK.

Send 2-cent stamp for our Latest Cigar Folder.



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The age and genuineness of THIS Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise Department of the Canadian Government by certificate over the capsule of every bottle. From the moment of manufacture until this certificate is affixed the Whisky never leaves the custody of the Excise Officers. No other Government in the World provides for consumers this independent and absolute guarantee of purity and ripeness. "Canadian Club" Whisky is particularly adapted for medicinal use. When not obtainable from local dealers we will gladly supply consumers direct upon application.

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THERE WAS A DEMAND FOR IT.

HANK WHISKERS.—Fill up boys! I come to Leadville to blow myself.

YUBA BILL (pouring out the fizz).—You must have struck it rich at Red Dog, Hank.

HANK WHISKERS.—Struck it rich? Well, I should smile! Why shouldn't I? I was the first man to see the commercial value of that bullet-proof cloth, and I imported a bale of it to Red Dog.

FOR FALL WEAR.
The soul of the impudent man
Is filled with a dose of the blues,
For he's trying to figure out how they will look
When he blackens his tan-colored shoes.
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

From
Midland
Lakes
to
Western
Ocean
An Illustrated

Souvenir Book OF THE NORTHWEST,

containing one hundred colored etchings and reproductions. YOU WANT IT!

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(Mention this paper.)

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Only perfect Collar and Cuff Button made. It is oblong, goes in like a wedge and fits around across the button-hole; no wear or tear. Strong, durable, and can be adjusted with perfect ease. In gold, silver and rolled gold. Can be put on any sleeve button.

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SEND FOR CIRCULAR.



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GOES WITH EVERY
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BICYCLE.
"YOU RUN NO RISK."
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Boston. Washington. New York. Brooklyn. Detroit.

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Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

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ALL READY FOR USE, NO MIXING.

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HOLLAND CIN, TOM CIN,
VERMOUTH and YORK.

For the Yacht,
For the Sea Shore,
For the Mountains,
For the Fishing Party,
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For everyone that a delicious cocktail is appreciated. Try our YORK cocktail—made with out any sweetening—dry and delicious. A sample 4 oz. bottle sent to any address, prepaid, for 40c.

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and 20 Piccadilly, W. London, England.



"YOU say the Count was such a good shot with the revolver, and yet he only fought in one duel."
"Yes, Madam. You see he got killed in the first one." — *Norristown Herald.*

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Best and cheapest. 1-lb. box 25c. at dealers. Sample free.
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CATARRH
CATARRH
COLD & HEAD
HAY FEVER
PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

* * * Are You Worn Out?
BROMO Seltzer
FOR BRAIN WORKERS.
Always Relieves Mental Exhaustion and Cures Headache.
Trial Bottles 10 Cents

\$3.98
WATCH AND BOX OF 50 CIGARS C.O.D. \$3.98
OUR LATEST AND GREATEST OFFER!
A 14 Karat Gold Plated Hunting Case Watch and Box of 50 of Our Finest Perfecto Cigars for only \$3.98. The watch is equal in appearance to a solid gold watch, and you can pay for three boxes of cigars and the watch together. **TRY THE OUT** and send it to us with your name and address and we will send the watch and box of cigars to you by express C. O. D. You examine them at the express office, and if satisfactory pay the express agent \$3.98 and they are yours. Mention in your letter whether you want ladies or gentlesize watch and order to-day, as this offer is for a limited time only. Address,
THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO.,
334 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

IT is said that the price of carmine is rapidly advancing. And yet this has n't been a specially good year for painting things red.—*Philadelphia Press.*



Turn it upside down:

It won't hurt it.

There are no dregs or sediment at the bottom.

Drinkers of Evans' India Pale Ale know that and **do not hesitate to drain the bottle**

When two years old it is properly bottled by experts and will keep in any climate.

There is no other Ale "just as good as Evans".

C. H. Evans & Sons,
Hudson, N. Y.



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A LETTER.

MR. HIRAM OATES,
Barnes Corners, N. H.

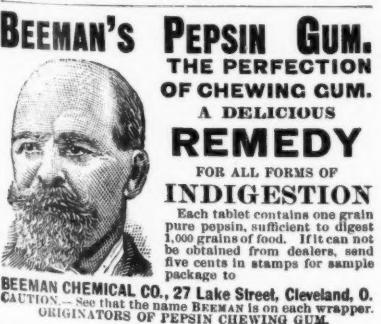
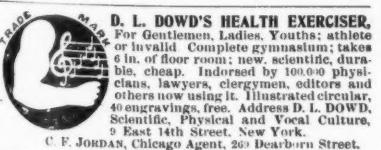
Dear Father:

I employed the greater part of the time in driving around the city. We passed a great many points of interest; but, to tell you the truth, I did not take the trouble to look at them. I am sure some of the folks would have been surprised if they could have seen me riding around New York in a hack, the way I did. Uncle Abner told me to put my best foot forward. Tell him I put 'em both forward. Aunt Jane is mistaken about the prevalence of drinking in great cities. I did not meet a one in all my travels but was as sober as myself.

Affectionately Your Son,

WILDE OATES.

COOK'S IMPERIAL World's Fair "highest award, excellent champagne; good effervescence, agreeable bouquet, delicious flavor."



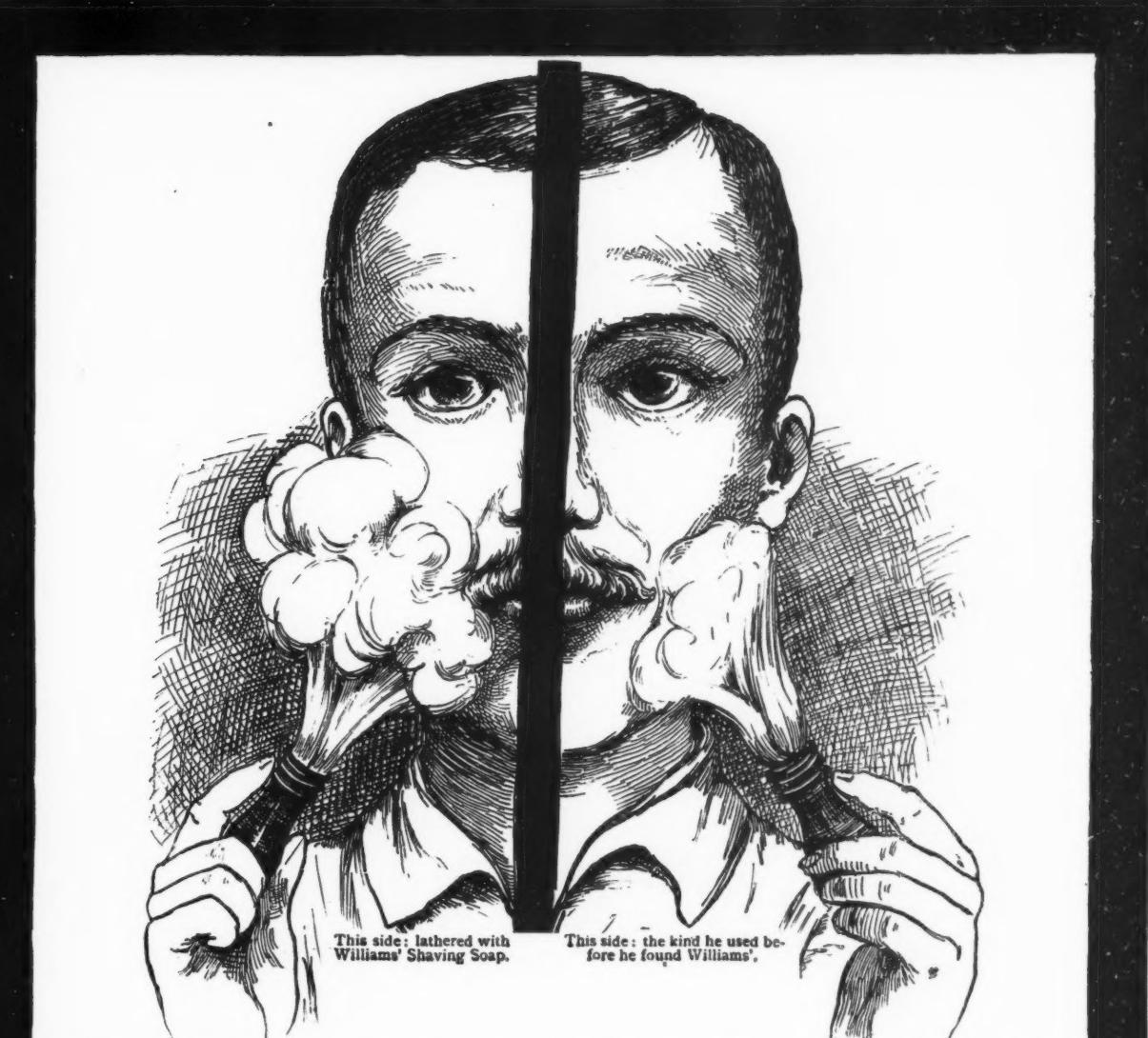
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For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; athlete or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes up little room; neat, compact, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Illustrated circular, 40 engravings, free. Address D. L. DOWD, Scientific, Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th Street, New York.

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PEPSIN GUM.
THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.
A DELICIOUS REMEDY
FOR ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION

Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it can not be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to

BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 27 Lake Street, Cleveland, O.
CAUTION.—See that the name BEEMAN is on each wrapper.
ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.



This side: lathered with Williams' Shaving Soap.

This side: the kind he used before he found Williams'.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS.

are growing in favor everywhere—every day. Now used in all the first-class shaving saloons of Europe. If you shave—and want the *only* real shaving-soap made—get that made by the only firm in the world who have made shaving-soaps a specialty *every day for over Half a Hundred Years.*

WILLIAMS' SOAPS—in three



"Genuine Yankee" Soap, 10c.
Oldest and most famous cake of shaving soap in the world. Millions using it.

NOTE—If your dealer does not have these soaps—we mail them—to any address—postpaid on receipt of price.—All three kinds sent for 75c in stamps.

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Williams' Shaving Stick, 25c.
Strong, metal-lined case. For Tourists' and Travelers' use. Don't fail to ask for WILLIAMS'—and take no other.

principal forms—are sold by all Dealers.



Williams' Barbers' Soap, 40c.
This is the kind your barber should use. It is also most excellent for Toilet use. Tons of it sold yearly to families. 6 cakes in a package—40c.

Tons of it sold yearly to families. 6 cakes in a package—40c.

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All kinds of Paper made to order.

CHARACTER is what we are in the dark.—
Ram's Horn.

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.

At Ambrose Park, South Brooklyn. Twice daily all Summer.

THERE are some fish that the devil can catch with a bare hook.—Ram's Horn.

A Cup of Beef Tea

The cheapest, purest and best
can be prepared instantly from

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef.

There's only one genuine kind and that you can know by this signature in blue on every jar:

J. Liebig

GUNS

DOUBLE BREECH LOADER \$5.00.
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WATCHES

All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy send stamp for illustrated circular.

POWELL & CLEMENT CO.
166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

THIS is the next year you expected so much of last year.—*Atchison Globe*

TRADE MARK

to the

Skin

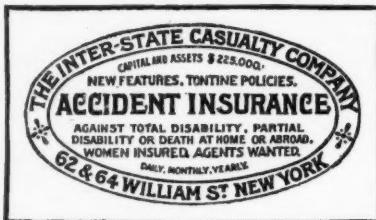
diseases are caused by impure or depleted blood. The blood ought to be pure and rich. It is made so by

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the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. Scrofula and Anæmia are overcome also, and Healthy Flesh is built up. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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Our 37th Annual FALL OPENING IS NOW IN PROGRESS.

We have marked all of our goods at prices to conform with the new Tariff, and offer a grand assortment of High Grade Novelties in Silks, Dress Goods, etc., at prices 25 to 40 per cent. less than elsewhere.

In conjunction with this opening, we offer the entire stock of

JOHN WANAMAKER'S
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CHINA, GLASS
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SILVER DEPARTMENTS.

150,000 Dollars' Worth
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China, Crockery, Rich Cut Glass, Solid Silver and Silver-Plated Ware, Clocks, Bronzes, Vases, Marble Statuary and Bric-a-Brac, which were removed by L. Straus & Sons, who for sixteen years were the owners of these departments; we offer the same at reductions varying from

ONE-THIRD TO ONE-HALF.

N. B.—The majority of these goods are on sale on fourth and sixth floors of new building.

THE farmer would be satisfied, If statesmen in the town Should run the price of wool way up — And price of clothes way down. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

AN EXCHANGE says "Georgia has more snake charmers than any other state in the union." Well, that's all right; Georgia has more snakes than any of them. — *Atlanta Constitution.*

THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC
VIN MARIANI
FORTIFIES NOURISHES Body and
STIMULATES REFRESHES Brain
Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.
AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.
Sent Free, Album, 75 PORTRAITS
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MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th St., NEW YORK.

THE King of Siam was critically ill the other day. The spectacle of his several hundred wives weeping around his bed must have been a very damp and affecting sight. — *Norristown Herald.*

SHE.—What does playing the races mean?

Well, to Trotter it meant every cent he had, and two hundred borrowed. — *New York Weekly.*

INSIST

on having POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER

and do not let your dealer sell you any other. Pozzoni's is absolutely pure and contains no white lead or other injurious ingredients.

IT IS SOLD EVERYWHERE.

SOME men would have better wives if they did n't growl so much whenever they give them a little money. — *Ram's Horn.*

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

You can leave Grand Central Station, the very center of the city,

For Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, in a magnificently-equipped train,

Via the New York Central, The Great Four-Track Trunk Line.

Trains depart from and arrive at Grand Central Station, New York,

Connecting the East and West, by the New York Central Lines.

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"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."



It is Free.

"Modern Underwear
and
How to Wear It."

HAY & TODD MFG CO
YPSILANTI, MICH.

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BIASED JUDGEMENT.

MISS BIGGAR (in surprise).—Why, Mr. Littlejohn! Were you at service? What did you think of the new minister?

LITTLEJOHN (with remembrance of her and her hat).—I sat right behind you the whole time; I think the new man was out of sight.

Angostura Bitters cures colic, fever and ague and indigestion. The genuine manufactured only by Dr. J. G. Siegert & Sons. All druggists keep them.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhea. *See page 7 bottle.*

THE Pleasant Valley Wine Co.

Rheims, Steuben Co., N. Y.

This is the Finest Champagne produced in America, and compares favorably with European Vintages.

A Natural Genuine Champagne, fermented in the bottle, two years being required to perfect the wine.

Our Sweet and Dry Catawba and Port are, like all our Wines, made from Selected grapes, and are Pure Wines.

For prices, address
D. BAUDER, Secretary.



This Silk Watch Fob.

For the sake of making you acquainted with the Harris Garter for Men, and other of the famous

Harris Patents

Trade Mark.

We will send you a book on the subject for 10 cents, and a handsome Silk Watch Fob with a guaranteed Gold Plated buckle. Every comfort-loving man should know about these goods.

Wire Buckle Suspender Co., (M.O. Dept.) Williamsport, Pa.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

Annual Sales 6,000,000 boxes.

Don't Kill Yourself
SMOKING. Use the
HARMLESS SMOKER CURE
NO SMOKE IN THE MOUTH.

It retains all the flavor and enjoyment of smoking without the injury. Can be used for cigarette smoking and makes it absolutely harmless as it prevents inhaling; also aids to quit the habit when desired. Send for free circular even if you are skeptical.

RYERSON D. GATES,
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"Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away."

The truthful, startling title of a book about No-tobacco, the only harmless *guaranteed* tobacco - habit cure. If you want to quit and can't, use "No-tobacco." Braces up nicotine in rives, eliminates nicotine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Positive cure or money refunded. Sold by Book at druggist, or mailed free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago office, 45 R indolph St.; New York, 10 Spruce St.

Compartment Cars on the Pennsylvania Limited.

The American people of to-day require the best accommodations, and it is the aim of the railroads and the sleeping car lines to supply them. Many travelers desire exclusiveness, which has heretofore been provided in the drawing and state-rooms. The demand for the drawing-rooms is increasing, and in order to meet it the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has added to the already complete equipment of the Pennsylvania Limited a compartment car. This car, finished in the usually luxurious style of the Limited cars, contains two large drawing-rooms and seven state-rooms. The drawing-rooms contain a section and one lower berth, the state-rooms one section. Both with complete lavatory arrangements.

The Pennsylvania Limited, leaving New York every day at 10.00 A. M., Philadelphia 12.20 noon, Washington 10.30 A. M., Baltimore 11.49 A. M., and arriving at Chicago 9.00 A. M. next day, is the only perfectly appointed Limited Express running between the Eastern cities and Chicago.

If every poet in the country embarks successfully in the popular song business, we'll soon be deaf enough to wear ear-trumpets.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

- 85. **Lonesomehurst.** Being PUCK'S Best Things About Suburban Weal and Woe.
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- 83. **On the Go.** Being PUCK'S Best Things About The Summer Stampede.
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- 81. **Hodge-Podge.** Being PUCK'S Best Things About Things and Thingumbobs.
- 80. **Frills.** Being PUCK'S Best Things About Faddy Folks.

DRAWING THE LINE.
MRS. DE FASHION.—My dear, I have picked out a husband for you.

MISS DE FASHION.—Very well; but I want to say right now, Mother, that when it comes to buying the wedding dress, I am going to select the materials myself; so, there! — *New York Weekly.*

LIMITED AFFECTION

"Does she love music?"
"M—yes. But not enough to keep away from the piano." — *Washington Star.*

If Solomon were now alive, some men would spend their lives in trying to make him out a know nothing.—*Ram's Horn.*

"Disfigured For Life"



Is the despairing cry of thousands afflicted with unsightly skin diseases. Do you realize what this disfigurement means to sensitive souls? It means isolation, seclusion.

It is a bar to social and business success. Do you wonder that despair seizes upon these sufferers when

Doctors fail, standard remedies fail. And nostrums prove worse than useless? Skin diseases are most obstinate to cure. CUTICURA REMEDIES Have earned the title Skin Specifics, Because for years they have met with most remarkable success. There are cases that they cannot cure, but they are few indeed. It is no long-drawn-out expensive experiment. 25 cents invested in CUTICURA SOAP Will prove more than we dare claim. In short CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS. And its cures are simply marvelous.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

"How to Cure Every Skin Disease," free.

A TALE OF CHIV-

ALRY.
The bold Knight du Bois pranced up and down before the castle of Montgomery on his gayly caparisoned steed.

Presently a lady looked out over the portcullis towards him. And she was very fair; so fair that the bold Knight du Bois stopped his prancing steed to look at her. She was not agitated by his gaze, but continued watching the knight. He waved his sword at her, and she was still unmoved.

"By my halidom!" he shouted, as he looked upon her.

She shook her head.

"No," she replied;

"no; we don't want anything to-day."

And so saying, she disappeared.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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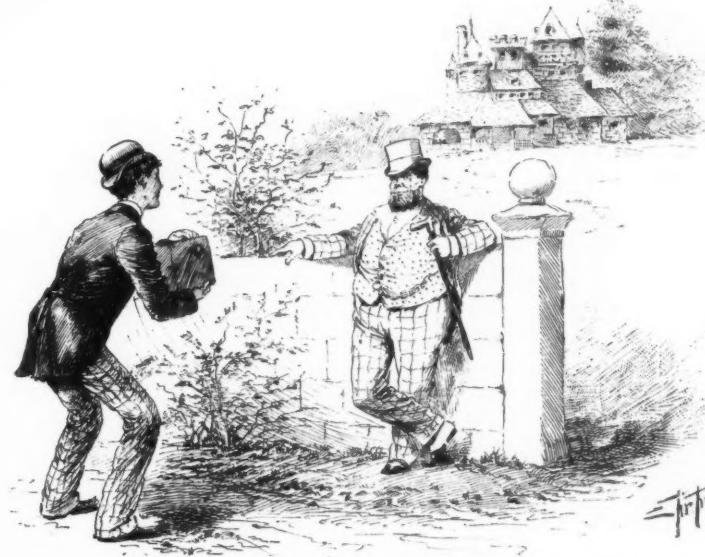
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MR. NEWRICH (dubiously).—But say, young feller, what is that thing?

SNAPPERLY (surprised).—Why, this is a Kodak.

MR. NEWRICH (angrily).—Well, dash my buttons! ter think of me being fool enough to stand here thinkin' you was takin' my pictur!

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The Organ Man.

HE OFTEN comes when I'm lone and sad—
The organ man, with his tunes so old;
And his presence always makes me glad,
Although other surly folk may scold.

I'm very fond of "popular airs,"
But best I like when the children troop
Out from alleys and tenement stairs,
And gather round him, a noisy group.

He makes them sing to the tunes he plays,
And these old, old children dance with glee;
Why, I know they'd forget their childish ways
Were it not for the organ man and me!

For a penny tossed brings a bow profound,
And a sunny smile to his sallow face;
Then he turns the handle faster round,
While the music quivers through the place.

For here downtown, where the factories
Wall in the tenements dark and grim,
And shut out the light, the air, the breeze,
There would be no *children* but for him.

So he comes to see me every day,
Starting his tunes at my welcoming glance;
And I'm but too glad to be able to pay
The little it costs, while the children dance!

Roy L. McCandell.

